

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

Founded 1860

126 North Main Street ANDERSON, S. C.

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Entered According to Act of Congress as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C.

Published Every Morning Except Monday Semi-Weekly Edition on Tuesday and Friday Mornings

Daily Edition—\$5.00 per annum; \$2.50 for Six Months; \$1.25 for Three Months.

Semi-Weekly Edition—\$1.50 per Annum; 75 cents for Six Months; 50 cents for Four Months.

Member of the Associated Press and Receiving Complete Daily Telegraphic Service.

A Larger Circulation Than Any Other Newspaper in This Congressional District.

The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city. If you fail to get your paper regularly please notify us. Opposite your name on label of your paper is printed date to which your paper is paid. All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

The Weather

Washington, March 11.—Forecast: South Carolina—Rain; and colder Thursday; Friday cloudy.

Anderson is My Town.

Will Jimmie Craig be awful mean about overdrafts?

The man of the hour in Mexico is he who can maintain disorder.

Terrazas has been called upon to pay ransom or die. Probably both.

President Wilson is sitting on the lid, but Mexico is noted for its volcanoes.

The First Baptist congregation gets a watery night every year for its meetings.

When one looks at a fashion plate he admires the things he will not wear.

Mary had a little lamb. She hasn't it now. Mutton brings too good a price on the market.

A few more rainy days will make the North Anderson street railway almost self-sustaining.

When the daughter of the house goes to taking cooking lesson, look out for fudge for breakfast.

Books may be sent by parcels post. This will be a great help in spreading campaign literature by the ton.

The commission form of government is good enough for Spartanburg, and despite that Greenville wants it.

The migratory birds are reported to have started northward. All except the baseball players in training camp.

Carranza may not have to do much work in investigating the death of Benton. Just read the Hearst papers.

Prizes of large value are to be awarded to women for great achievements. We suggest bread making and pie baking.

A Spartanburg man for the head of Greenville mills must be a bitter pill for the people of the city that John Wood left.

The common idea of reducing the cost of living, is to petition congress for something, rather than to take hold and raise a vegetable garden.

Now that you can't send children any more by parcel post, mother can't send the kids in this way over to a neighbor while she goes to the bridge market.

Common sense seems to think that Uncle Sam has money to burn, but he can't always turn his hands at that bonfire.

There is a strong feeling among the people who grab bags at the charity boxes that the bags should not be allowed to play marbles on this spring.

The ball games are beginning on Southern diamonds, and the American people are preparing to develop their muscles by watching the games from the bleachers.

Congress spent six months on the tariff bill for collecting revenue, and will spend about the same amount on the rivers and harbors and other pork barrel bills.

RETAIL TRADE IN MARCH

In the calendar of retail trade, every month has its own individual characteristics. March is a time when the public, by following newspaper advertising, can still pick up some goods at low prices, which the merchant likes to carry over until fall. But the principal characteristic of the month is in the news about the spring styles. The warmth of the returning sunlight sparkles in these announcements. The description of light clothing in gay shades suggest all the fascinations of summer travel, sport and outdoor life. It is a pleasure to read the spring advertisement, merely a presage of the "good old summer time."

March is the time in which people of taste and discrimination enjoy shopping because the assortments of goods are more complete than they will be later. Economically minded people ask anxiously, however, whether things are going to cost more now than if bought later.

Here is where it is up to the merchant to tell what he has been doing. He has been planning for this spring campaign for months past. If he has been alert and careful, and well informed, he has found opportunities to build up his stock at prices that will please the public.

Not every merchant is able to buy at right prices in these times of shams. To do so calls for extended experience in a given line, thorough information about methods of manufacturing, and the gift for driving a good bargain. The man who is bright and alert enough to cope successfully with these conditions does not sit down in a corner of the business district and wait for the public to come to him. The same qualities of enterprise that appear in his buying appear in his selling. You will find his story in the advertising columns of this newspaper. It is worth your while to read it.

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE

In the cost of living problem, the three elements are land, labor and distribution. Land in the United States will never be cheap again. Labor will never be cheap again. But by putting American brains to work on the problem of cutting out vast motions and saving duplicate profits, it ought to be possible to counter-balance at least in part the higher cost of land and labor.

The idea of creating storage warehouses, primarily to supply the consumers of an immediately adjacent neighborhood, is attracting wide attention. It is successfully worked out in many localities now, and we believe that a great development along this line is soon to be made in the south.

The farmer cannot usually peddle food products from door to door. He cannot spend his time going around from one grocer to another, one provision man to another, or one slaughter house to another.

Meanwhile the people who live in the town lying nearest to his farm are using the same products that he raises. They buy them of some retail dealer who orders them from some wholesaler. At least two profits are paid, commonly more than that. Often the produce has been hauled into some large city, and hauled out again.

The theory of the ware house is that many classes of farm products from the immediate neighborhood could be hauled into a place where storage and refrigeration shall be provided, the same to be sold as far as possible in the country roundabout. Certainly the people of the neighborhood should get lower prices. The farmer should get more than a commission agent would give him. On products that have to be sent away, the agent in charge ought to be able to get more money than the farmer can when selling a small lot.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Tradition says that St. Patrick's chief characteristic was an intense and burning zeal to preach the Christian religion. He used often to pray a hundred times a day, say the old chronicles.

It is indeed remarkable that a figure of this type, looming out of the dim mists of a millennium and a half, should still be a popular hero. He did not have the military triumphs that usually accompany hero worship. But somehow his name suggests a genial good cheer, even to those who have no affiliation with his race. Not every one who wears a green necktie March 17 is descended from the "Ould Sod."

The rise of the Irish people from the nearly red shirted immigrants who used to build the railroads, to their present conspicuous position, is one of the romances of history. One great reason for this advance has been the spirit of enthusiasm, which history says was one of Patrick's chief characteristics. It is a great race heritage.

G. Cullen Sullivan, one of the prominent members of the Anderson bar, is spending a few days in Boston on business.

LATEST NEWS IN BRIEF

New York, March 11.—Directors of the American Tobacco Company voted to distribute to stockholders on April 20, the 250,729 deferred ordinary shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company. On the basis of the present market value of the stock, the melon will amount to nearly \$4,000,000.

Salisbury, England, March 11.—Captain C. R. W. Allen, of the Welsh regiment and Lieut. J. E. G. Burroughs, of the Wiltshire regiment, were killed here today when hurried to the ground from a high altitude, owing to the collapse of their aeroplane. The cause of the accident was due to the breaking of the rudder.

THE SILENT CITY

In passing through the cemetery and looking at the monuments of different sizes and shapes, and the various colors of the marble used to designate the last resting place of those who were once living, acting beings, I am made to wonder if their lives were as varied as their silent sentinels that stand at their graves while they sleep.

Some tower far above others, some are plain; some are beautifully designed and calculated to stir the soul of man with lofty imaginations, leading his mind or until it becomes bewildered in trying to fathom the secret things of God. There my eyes look upon a grave with two little unmarked stones, one at each end of the mountain of clay. Seeing this, my mind asks the question: Who is buried here? Was it some unknown one? Had there been no one to shed a tear at this grave? Had there any loved ones left behind? Not being able to decide the questions, our mind asks other questions. Does every one show by their silent sentinels their true worth to their fellow man during their life? Are we, their friends blinded through love or lack of love? Or did some of them have the welfare of others to see after which took all their time and money, while others were able to bestow with a lavish hand for an outward show, trying to compensate for the failure to show proper appreciation of them during their life time? Still unable to fathom the hidden mystery, we again ask ourselves: Does man have a dread of being forgotten by the living when he shall cease to mingle with them and have desire for some kind of reminder to prove to the world that he was once a citizen of the earth?

Not being able to answer in the affirmative, I look over the silent city and ask myself, is this the final end of all mankind? Is there no future, in which the vast throng of people shall again take active part? I find an innate principle speaking to me which says that they will live again.

Having a desire to learn more of the future of those who reside here, I turn to the wisdom of the world for light, because the wisdom has been able to grapple with many hidden secrets. I ask her about death, what is death? She says it is a leap in the dark. I ask her if she can penetrate the darkness and reveal to us its hidden secrets? With one grand sweep she darts from planet to planet, then delves into the bowels of the earth and returns with some wonderful revelations.

Again I ask her of death, and the future of the inhabitants of this silent city? She tells me it is enveloped in darkness.

Then I ask myself, is there no wisdom by which we may know if there is a future destiny for those who seem to be resting here so peacefully? A bright ray of light flashes up which gives us hope of having the mystery solved. Not by the wisdom of the world, but by the wisdom of one whom the world would have us discard as an impostor, the one who laid the foundation by which man may arrive at the truth, the one whom it is pleased to hide these things from, the wise and prudent, and that revealed them unto the babes, the one who works up and down doing wonderful things to cure all manner of diseases. Giving sight to the blind, causing the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, raised the dead to life, and by His command one came forth from the grave claimed as its victim, the one who surrendered Himself into the hands of His enemies to do with Him as they wished. They drove the spikes through His hands and feet, nailing water flowed from His side, and Him to the cross, then with their spear they pierced His side and blood and water flowed from the wound.

His enemies being satisfied they had put an end to His career, suffered His friends to place His body in the grave. When His enemies remembered the words He spoke, and the power He manifested in life, doubts began to arise in their mind as to whether they had fully accomplished their purpose and to make it doubly sure that He should never again interfere with their worldly affairs by teaching a doctrine that clashed with their mode of making money, they placed a trusted guard at His grave. The world rejoiced because they had put an end to the man that was turning the world up side down. Behold, their terror when he shook the earth and threw open the graves and sent one of His angels to roll the stone back that rested on the grave so the keepers could look in and see that He was not there. When they looked they were awe stricken and became as dead men. When they came to themselves some of them went into the city and told the chief priest all that was done and the chief priest and the elders held a caucus and decided the best way out of the dilemma, was to hire those men to tell a falsehood so they could deceive the people. They gave the soldiers large money to get them to say His disciples came by night, and stole Him away while we slept. I can see why those of us who are determined to do as we please detest

this man, for we can see if He is true; we are doomed, for His wrath will rest upon us.

If the papers we read tell the truth, there are hundreds and thousands of us today who are just like those soldiers, telling lies for the sake of money. Many lie for the sake of office; we lie in actions, we lie in keeping back part of the truth, we are doing it to deceive our fellow man, but we are going to be deceived ourselves after a while for doing it. I know many of us think we are doing the right thing when we can carry our point by deception, but we are mistaken.

We have many infallible proofs that Christ arose from the grave. Over five hundred witnesses saw Him at one time after his resurrection. He told His apostles they should be witnesses unto Him, both in Jerusalem and Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. There is not a denial by any one of those witnesses that He arose from the grave and ascended up to heaven from whence He came.

Man within himself knows very little. It is the truth others have piled up, one upon another, that add to the storehouses of knowledge.

What could I know of the past history of the world or of America if it were not for the record men left behind them? How could I know George Washington was ever president of the United States? I never saw him, yet I believe there was such a man. If I believe there was such a man upon the same hypothesis I should believe Jesus Christ did all His friends claim for Him.

Profane history tells us there was such a man. He was such a wonderful being they were in doubt as to whether it was lawful to call him a man. He being so superior to any man the world had ever known before. The Bible gives us a clearer history of Him. The Holy Spirit is a personal witness to all who believe in Him so that all that may be removed, and can enable us to say like one of old, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I may know the future of those resting in the silent city.

What a relief it is to hear Him say all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, an prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself. That where I am, there you will be also. Yes, He said all that are in their graves shall come forth. He is coming in all His glory, the holy angels with Him. And every eye shall see Him.

No, we will not be rewarded by the size, shape or color of our monuments. We will be rewarded according to our faith, according to the way we treat each other, and the way we treat His word. The stamp of His seal is upon each of His children; and at the sound of the trumpet they shall come forth, and He will escort them to their heavenly mansion where they will be free from all things that cause grief and sorrow. But ho! what a dreadful day it will be to some of us who refuse to accept His reprieve that is offered to us.

I would rather be the means in God's hand in getting one soul to accept Christ as his friend and Saviour, than to have the finest monument man has ever laid upon. By so doing, I would exchange despair for hope, death for life, grief and sorrow for joy and gladness, an enemy for a friend, our fathers' and mothers, the same time cause great joy in heaven over one soul that repenteth. Yes, we are going to see our bosom friends, our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and above all, we are going to see Him who gave His life for us.

With an eye of faith we can penetrate the darkness and see heaven getting ready for that wonderful day. All glory to Him who so freely forgave us all our sins, all our disobedience and is willing to receive us as a brother and to share with us all the joys of heaven. To Him be all the glory forever and forever.

M. C. SMITH.

THE BAD WEATHER.

The U. S. & A. Opening is Somewhat Delayed.

Spartanburg Herald. The Piedmont and Northern lines have been preparing against odds to open the new extension from Greenville to Spartanburg, preparatory to the inauguration of a regular schedule, Sunday, March 15, but an announcement on Saturday indicated that very likely this service would not be commenced on the 15th, as planned owing to the extreme cold and disagreeable weather. There is no doubt as to the popularity of the new line into Spartanburg, especial as it will open up a territory rich in possibilities. This line will act as a feeder to Chiles Springs, a popular summer and health resort that has heretofore been almost inaccessible.

A Good Man.

Spartanburg Herald. If you hear that Prof. Cornhill of Clemson College, is going to speak on insects anywhere in your vicinity go and hear him. What this gentleman does not know about bugs, and how to eliminate them has not been discovered. He has spoken several times recently in Spartanburg county and his addresses have not only been highly entertaining but filled with the most useful information.

They Were Plumb Sober.

Spartanburg Herald. Superintendent Frank Evans of the city schools, was naturally considerably relieved last night when dispatched from other parts of the county brought the news that there had been an earthquake shock in this region. So far as could be learned yesterday afternoon Mr. Evans and Prof. Jenkins were the only persons who experienced the shock here, and they were having some difficulty in convincing their friends that there had been a seismic disturbance.

LETTERS VS. LINT.

Change to be Made in the Manner of Reporting Cotton Crop.

Washington, March 11.—Director William J. Harris, of the bureau of the census department of commerce, announced a change in the method of publishing the statistics of cotton. The annual reports on the quantity of cotton ginned have heretofore included the quantity of linters obtained by the oil mills. Formerly there was only a comparatively small quantity of linters obtained and they were of such a grade as could be used, to some extent for the same purposes as were the lower grades of cotton. Many of the oil mills have now installed machinery for the closer delimiting of the seed. This has resulted in a large increase in the total quantity of linters produced each year and at the same time, in lowering the average quality of the fiber, so that now only a small part if any, is used as a substitute for lint cotton.

It, therefore, appears advisable not to include the quantity of linters in the report to be issued on March 20, will relate only to lint cotton and will not include linters. Information as to the production of linters, however, will be given in a footnote so that comparative figures may be computed on the basis of the reports issued in previous years.

Those Bloodhounds.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has given a young man convicted of the murder of four persons a new trial on the ground that the work of bloodhounds upon which the prosecution mainly relied for the conviction, was too unreliable to be accepted as evidence.—Houston Post.

Bloodhound testimony must be very weighty according to some of our southern friends, who have written to the Sun in past years their humorous disgust at the bloodhound of the drama, novel and saffron newspapers. These experts hold that the average bloodhound is a sump, not to say an idiot! unable to find anything, including his daily meals without assistance; with not more geographical sense than a dead jellyfish. Their bloodhounds lick fondly the hands of pursued criminals, snarl at constables and other innocent folks, and when overtaken by the fierce Mecklenburg rabbits of North Carolina, climb in wild disorder the tallest turpentine tree.—New York Sun.

The Wrong Word, Charlie.

Spartanburg Herald. We note that Mr. J. B. Lee is chairman of the banquet committee. "Nuf said."

But Boyce Lee's word is not "nuf" but "vince".



MANDARIN CRAPE FROCK.

Paquin designed this afternoon frock of mandarin crape, with collar of satin folded about the neck in cowboy fashion and the flounces ultra Parisian of 1914. The back girde is draped, while the upward flare and the full back of the skirt are also in the mode.

GAY COLORS FOR SPRING.

As it should be with spring fashions, bright colors are popular. This may be due to the craze for futurist innovations, this school of art being the advocate of gaiety in attire. Under these circumstances it is likely to be a trying time for the woman who has no eye for color, for some of the combinations are bizarre in the extreme and must be adapted to suit individual requirements.

Advertisement for B.D. Cranst Co. featuring an illustration of a boy and text: 'We're in the ring with the makers of the best Boys' Clothing; criticised and suggested before the garments were completed. We know every model that's being shown by the New York exclusive shops, so if you're particular on the subject of boys' dress, this is where you'll get satisfaction. Prices \$3.50 to \$12.50. All sizes 4 to 18 years. A special showing of guaranteed all wool suits in serges and fancies at \$5. Send us your mail orders. We prepay all charges when cash, check or money order accompanies order. Your money back if you want it. B.D. Cranst Co. 'The Store With a Conscience.'

Advertisement for Dr. M. R. Campbell featuring an illustration of a man and text: 'THE EYE IN BUSINESS is a most important asset. In all stages of life it is the one organ that cannot be spared or replaced. It behooves you then to give the utmost care to your eyes. If you have the slightest trouble with your sight come here at once and if glasses will aid I will supply those that my expert examination determines best suited to your needs. Prices reasonable \$3.00 to \$5.00 and upward. Repairs on frames and parts 10 cents and upward. Dr. M. R. Campbell 119 W. Whitner St. Ground Floor Office Phone 6283, Res. Phone 493.

Advertisement for Olympia Candy Co. featuring an illustration of a woman and child and text: 'OH! OH! OH! SAYS THE LITTLE ONE when she catches sight of our candies, and her mother—well, she thinks it if she doesn't say it. All the newest sorts of confections—all fresh you may be sure—grace our counters, show cases and show windows. Pound packages of Bell's at 50 cents, etc., afford a wide range as to choice and favorite flavors. Olympia Candy Co. & Ice Cream Parlor.

Advertisement for J. S. Fowler featuring text: 'Coming Every Day New Vehicles of every description keep coming in every day. Our stock of Harness, Whips and Robes is the finest ever. We also have some Extra Good Mules and Horses on hand, come and see them. J. S. FOWLER ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA